

THE MONARCHY OF MILLIONS

OR THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

This story is a condensation from the advance sheets of a salacious romance of an American Empire, written by Grosvenor Wilson, of New York, well known as a playwright, the author of "Nordeck," played by the late Frank Mayo. The complete book contains much happy philosophy of a politico-social order, besides the charming love story.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
In 1900 America is an Empire, whose foundation is wealth, with the flag for its national emblem and a multi-millionaire named Vangold for its Emperor. The Emperor's beautiful daughter, the Princess Sapphire, most and loves a young country named Demos, who is arrested for trespassing on ground reserved for the nobility.

Vangold, at his daughter's intercession, grants Demos one month in which to earn \$1,000,000. Should he succeed he may marry Sapphire. Should he fail he must die. Demos resolves to spend the month in trying to restore liberty to the nation.

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CHAPTER III.

Demos Visits New York.

LEAVING the Anarchist, Demos boarded his balloon for a flying visit to New York, the city of which he had heard so much from his father. On the way he met a young noble who was so much taken with the quaint appearance of Demos's nineteenth century balloon that he offered to buy it, giving in exchange his own rapid airplane and \$1,000 to boot. Demos closed with the offer and sped on toward New York at lightning speed.

Heading for New York, he arrived over that city in a few minutes, and turning off the current, hung motionless for hours in mid-air. It grew to night. No moon was up, but the sky was luminous with the stars of Summer. The vast metropolis lay beneath him, clearly outlined by its electric lights.

He could see its centre, Manhattan Island, from the Battery to the Harlem, throwing out its hundred bridges to east and west—great arms of light grasping the opposite shores.

To the south stretched the glorious bay. Demos blew a kiss to what he supposed was the Statue of Liberty. Alas, mistaken youth!

That statue had given way to one of "Money Purchasing the World."

To the north were miles on miles of residences all aglitter with little incandescent globes. Even at the height where the airship floated was audible a faint, incessant hum, telling to the heavens that ten million human beings were asleep.

"Oh!" cried Demos, in an ecstasy of yearning. "Oh, for a voice of thunder to reach that multitude and speak of liberty!"

Then he noticed that he was very hungry, and, imitating other airships, he descended.

Steering to a hotel to which a policeman directed him, he found the roof furnished with grappling-irons to which airships are padlocks, of which each traveller carried away his particular key.

Elevators ran to the roof to receive airship guests. Descending to the office, Demos registered and was assigned to a room, for which payment was requested in advance, no doubt because of his unfastidious attire. After partaking of a hearty supper he retired to bed, well satisfied with his day's work.

Meanwhile Vangold, Emperor of the Americans, was holding a somewhat animated conversation with the Princess, his daughter. He began by mildly rebuking the bad taste that led her to fall in love with a mere peasant.

"Oh, father, one has but to look at me!"

"I have looked at him, and to be candid I am not at all prepossessed in his favor."

"But he is rich."

"Indeed?"

At the end of the month I shall assuredly order his execution, unless, of course, he turns up with a million—an almost impossible event—or unless—unless you drop him."

"Oh, father!" cried Sapphire, flinching at her mother's neck, "will you not be merciful? Let me have him. As my husband he could not be dangerous. I will answer for that."

"You forget my obligations to my customers," said Vangold. "Such a proceeding would violate the fundamental principles of our Constitution and would set a precedent fraught with peril to our institutions. No, it cannot be."

"Then I must join forces with Demos. I must seek to destroy your Empire." And the heroic girl faced her imperial sire with lofty resolve and undaunted men. In her, too, ran the blood of the Vangolds.

The Emperor smiled indulgently. The threat, of course, amused him, and he rather admired his daughter's spirit. "So it is her to him and between us," he asked, half playfully.

"A war for my love's life," she answered, quite seriously.

He drew her to him and kissed her paternally, without the slightest anxiety for one year as a freak.

The offer Demos declined with scorn. The great city of New York, he said, Manhattan Island was entirely devoted to business structures, with the exception of the parks, which still remained a wilderness of trees.

The Imperial Palace, the former residence of the Emperor, was open to the public. Enormous power stations, some two miles apart, supplied electricity for public and private use.

The old street-car tracks were utilized both for the carriage of passengers and for the carriage of goods, and connected with subterranean conduits, some after the fashion of the ancient railway system.

Local passenger traffic was by means of airships, which, however, carried no motors, but along thin steel rods charged with electricity. These rods were supported at a height of 100 feet by slender tubes, which were at the same time water pipes for the use of the fire department.

The disappearance of horses and the constant use of the electric brush kept the streets exquisitely clean. In lieu of the rattle of wheels was audible everywhere the faint, mysterious hum of omnipresent machinery. In factories,

they howled like a flock of wild geese, and the air was filled with the sound of the great wheels.

"But I may induce you to shake Demos,"

most of his love for her was the one weak spot in an otherwise iron nature.

During the next three weeks Demos worked hard in New York at his task of preaching liberty.

One day he went into the gallery of the Stock Exchange and looked down on the wild scene below him.

Demos felt it incumbent on him to address the assembly. He stood up in the front of the gallery in an oratorical attitude.

"Gentlemen," he said, and a momentary hush fell upon the exchange, as all eyes were turned upon the strange intruder. "Gentlemen, excuse me if I am a bit out of place."

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CAUGHT AT STAGE DOOR.

Man Accused of Forgery Met Detectives, Not Actress.

Edwin Whitehead, a well-dressed man, forty-two years old, who describes himself as a speculator, was arraigned in the Myrtle Avenue Police Court to-day on suspicion of having attempted to pass a fraudulent \$50 check on the Nassau National Bank.

His accuser was Miss Myrtle Finck, who lives in the boarding-house of Mrs. Emily Bessendorf at 28 St. James place, Brooklyn.

Whitehead was arrested at the stage door of the Empire Theatre last night. He was waiting for Mrs. Bessendorf's daughter, who is a member of the John Drew company, now playing "Richard Carvel" there. He vehemently denied any knowledge of the transaction and declares he will bring suit for false imprisonment.

According to Mrs. Bessendorf, her daughter introduced Whitehead at the house a week ago and he took rooms. He was quiet, reserved and gentlemanly.

Miss Finck, who is wealthy and the financial backer of the establishment, signs her checks in blank and a few days ago left her book in the parlor. When she picked it up again three of the signed checks were missing.

The next day a man presented himself at the Nassau National Bank, where Miss Finck has an account, and requested that three checks for small amounts, signed by her, should be certified. This was done and the man left. He returned a few days later and asked for payment. This was refused and he was arrested.

From a description furnished of the man who had the certifying done, the police went to seek him at the Empire Theatre. He was found at the house last night. A telegram addressed to Miss Bessendorf arrived at the house last night. It was from Whitehead and made an appointment to meet her after the theatrical performance at the stage door. Instead of that Whitehead met two detectives.

Whitehead was taken to the police station and held for a few days. He was then released on \$500 bail.

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SUICIDE BRIDE OF ANARCHIST WAS "QUEEN CLOTILDA."

Unlike Her Artist Husband, Paul Stiebler, Margot Kuhn Believed in a Peaceful Propaganda and Was a Follower of Tolstoi.



"QUEEN CLOTILDA," MARGOT KUHN-STIEBLER.

Her Johann Most, declaring in a tone of deep disgust that Margot Kuhn, the suicide bride of the suicide artist, Paul Stiebler, was a "sweet, soft, tender, kind-hearted Anarchist," refused to deliver her eulogy at the double funeral to-day.

How she got this reputation with Herr Most was told in the Evening World six weeks ago, when a tall and thin young woman known to her associates at Kohle's Hall, the headquarters of the Anarchists, as "Queen Clotilda," denounced the assassination of King Humbert.

Clotilda was a mystery then. Her mystery is solved now. She was a teacher of languages to many private pupils, and lived somewhere in Sixth street—none of her Anarchist friends knew where—and she declared that she deplored the killing of animals, even for food, and was herself a vegetarian. She would tell nothing about herself, but said:

HER DOCTRINE.

"I come here because I like to meet my comrades who believe in liberty, although they are still unenlightened and believe in violence. The Anarchists of my school would convert the world by love and education. I am a pupil of Dr. Smith, of Budapest, who received a government position because he saw it was a crime to accept a salary from a government. Christ was an Anarchist of our school. Tolstoi's belief is somewhat like ours."

While Clotilda was talking of ruling the world by love and education, a member of the international club, a Frenchman, who is known as "Dynamite Anton," was talking of ruling the world by dynamite.

"Hurray for Brest!" Three cheers for all republics! Death to all kings and rulers!"

"Queen Clotilda!" She was indeed a "sweet Anarchist," and she wrote the truth when Paul, her bridegroom of two days, declared:

"The world has no use for us and we have no use for the world. So we die together."

Paul Stiebler and his Anarchist bride were cremated, as they desired, in the funeral home of the "Comrades of the Volts Harmonie" and the "Club of the Dead," at the corner of Broadway and 4th street, at 11 o'clock.

The funeral was attended by a large number of Anarchists, and a speech by the bridegroom was followed by a speech by the bride.

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CAUGHT PINK EYE IN PUBLIC BATH.

The Board of Health will be asked to investigate the many cases of "pink-eye" and conjunctivitis which have been so prevalent this summer and for which in most instances the city's free public baths are blamed.

The latest case is that of Charles E. Holston, of No. 22 West Forty-eighth street. He is in the City Hospital on Blackwell's Island, suffering from an aggravated case of ophthalmia, which, the surgeons believe, will develop into genuine "pink-eye."

Pink eye develops with startling and painful suddenness, sometimes in a few hours. The first symptoms are inflammation and an intense irritation, and the appearance of a pronounced pinkish tint about the eyes.

The eyelids puff up in great swellings which often shut the eyes tightly. Then a discharge ensues.

The inflammatory treated 100 cases in one day last week. He is now in the City Hospital on Blackwell's Island, suffering from an aggravated case of ophthalmia, which, the surgeons believe, will develop into genuine "pink-eye."

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He says he was all right until a couple of days ago, when his eyes began to ache and smart while he was padding about.

The pain and inflammation grew worse rapidly. He started for his home yesterday, when his sight seemed to leave him suddenly. A Flower Hospital ambulance attendant was passing and noted his condition. The surgeon took Holston to Bellevue Hospital.

So many cases of eye trouble have come to the City Hospital this year that an investigation as to the cause was begun. So far as could be learned, the free baths started the epidemic.

While the eye diseases have not appeared in such large numbers as to cause the hospital officials to call it an epidemic, they say that cases are coming to them by the dozen each week.

Nearly every one of the victims arrives at the hospital with a red, inflamed eye, and some with a discharge. The doctors say that the disease is caused by a germ which is found in the water of the public baths.

Private physicians also report some cases of conjunctivitis in the city. The baths are blamed indirectly for this, although their patients are not patrons of the free bathing places.

They are supposed to have caught the disease from persons who were contaminated in the baths.

CHURCH NOTES.

"The Theology of Tornadoes and Tempests," with special reference to the salvation of the soul, will be the subject of Dr. Tipler's sermon in St. James' Methodist Church, at 11 o'clock, Tuesday evening. The morning service will be at 10 o'clock.

The Board of the Episcopate of the Episcopal Church of the United States will meet at 11 o'clock, Tuesday evening, at the City Hotel, at 11 o'clock.

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